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GEORGE R. CALVERT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NEW MARKET, VA.

D. A. MARTIN,
SURGEON DENTIST.
Respectfully informs the public that he has resumed the practice of his profession at the residence of Mr. J. J. Fravel, in Woodstock, where he will practice.

DR. D. D. CARTER,
Physician and Surgeon,
WOODSTOCK, VA.

CHALFANTE BROS.,
A. P. MINTUNE, Prop'r.
This hotel is conveniently situated near the depot and is well equipped for the accommodation of guests. It has a large dining hall, a billiard room, and a comfortable sleeping porch. The food is excellent and the service is first-class.

GREEN'S MANION HOUSE,
ALEXANDRIA, VA.
This is a first-class hotel in every respect. The dining room is the largest in the city and is well supplied with the best of food. The service is prompt and courteous.

VALLEY CENTRAL HOTEL,
EDINBURGH, VIRGINIA.
This hotel is conveniently located and is well equipped for the accommodation of guests. It has a large dining hall, a billiard room, and a comfortable sleeping porch. The food is excellent and the service is first-class.

THE EXCHANGE HOTEL,
WOODSTOCK, VA.
This hotel is new and has been completely refurnished. It has a large dining hall, a billiard room, and a comfortable sleeping porch. The food is excellent and the service is first-class.

CENTRAL HOTEL,
NEW MARKET, VA.
This hotel is conveniently located and is well equipped for the accommodation of guests. It has a large dining hall, a billiard room, and a comfortable sleeping porch. The food is excellent and the service is first-class.

J. S. L. IRWIN,
WITH
Gilbert Bros & Co.
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,
Cor. Howard and German Streets,
BALTIMORE, MD.

OLD DRUG STORE,
1825.
This store is well stocked with all kinds of drugs and medicines. It is a good place to go for all your drug needs.

WOODSTOCK, VA.
This is a beautiful town with many fine buildings and a good climate. It is a good place to visit.

SHENANDOAH COUNTY, VA.
This is a beautiful county with many fine buildings and a good climate. It is a good place to visit.

SHENANDOAH HERALD.
This is a beautiful newspaper with many fine articles and a good climate. It is a good place to visit.

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COUNTY DIRECTORY.

COUNTY JUDGE.

COMMONWEALTH'S ATTORNEY.

CLERK OF THE COURTS.

SHERIFF.

DEPUTIES.

THESAUER.

COMMISSIONERS OF REVENUE.

SURVEYOR.

SUPERINTENDENT OF POOR.

SENIORS.

PARISH PHYSICIAN.

OVERSEERS OF POOR.

NOTARIES PUBLIC.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

ROAD COMMISSIONERS.

SHENANDOAH COUNTY BANK.

COMMISSIONERS IN CHANCERY.

COMMISSIONER OF ACCOUNTS.

1825.

OLD DRUG STORE.

WOODSTOCK, VA.

SHENANDOAH COUNTY, VA.

SHENANDOAH HERALD.

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Love and Jealousy.

Grace Thornley had been married a year when the civil war began, and as he had reason to be, Will went away to the office, feeling as if the argosy was fast disappearing, and his wife, after all, was but a pretty, perverse, provoking child, whom time and experience alone could ever teach to be a woman.

An hour after her husband's departure, Grace, in a plain gray traveling dress, and with a thick veil tied closely over her tear-stained face, stealthily left the house; and before Rose, who, from her window, saw her hurrying along the road to the railway station, could clearly divine her purpose, she was gone.

This was a nice predicament for one to be placed in, truly! Miss Woodward's indignation, for the moment, got the better of her pity, and she could have shaken Grace well for her senseless absurdity.

There was but one thing for her to do, and that was to pack her trunks with all possible dispatch and leave on the next train, which she did, to the infinite amazement of Biddy, who did not know what in the world to make of her sudden departure, not dreaming that her mistress had also taken flight, and was already many miles from home.

When Will came home to dinner at six o'clock, and learned the true state of things, he grew as pale as death and staggered to a chair as quickly as if a shot had struck him in the heart.

Grace had left a note on the bureau in her room, in which she stated, in a kind of hysterical English Arden like manner, that she was going back to her mother and he might be assured that neither herself nor Rose would ever be troubled by seeing or even hearing from her again. It was her earnest wish to die, and over her early grave, perhaps, some gentle thought of her might stir his cold, forgetful heart into a passing throb of tenderness.

With the note crumpled convulsively in his hand, Will Thornley seized his hat and rushed from the house, it mattered not where he went, or what he did now, and ere the next day's sun had set, he made one of the many thousands of soldiers marching bravely to the front, to find, maybe in the battle with face turned audaciously toward the foe, or die miserably in some prison, like a caged beast, his heart broken, and with a welcome release from pain, and grief, and hopeless wretchedness.

The setting sun was rapidly sinking to his crimsoned curtains, and the west, when Grace walked up the grassy path to the little white gate, where she and Will had often stood in the old, happy days of their courtship, and watched the fading light steal daskly down among the softly-whispering leaves of the maples.

"A letter for you, Mrs. Thornley," said Mr. Parkhurst, a near neighbor, "I happened to be passing this way, and I thought you might like to have it."

"Oh, yes, thank you!" she replied, in a trembling voice. "You are very kind."

Mr. Parkhurst gave her the letter, and went on.

Grace recognized the handwriting in a moment, and with a glad "Oh, it's from Will, and he has forgiven me!" she tore open the envelope, and hastily ran her eyes over its contents. The smile faded; the glad look left her eyes and with a low, piteous cry, she fell on her knees—aye, to the very earth, and sobbed out the bitter, remorseful anguish of her stricken soul:

"Gone—Will gone! Oh, no, no! It cannot be! And yet this cruel, cruel letter—only four little lines!"

"You have chosen your way and I have chosen mine. All I desire in this world is a speedy and brave death, and I go to meet it as joyously as ever bridegroom went to meet his bride."

That was all. No name, no date, but she knew only too well its meaning. She pressed it to her lips, her heart, she covered it with wild tears, all the while uttering the poor, pitiful cry:

"Oh, Will, Will, forgive me! You must forgive me—you must come back to me, or let me go to you!"

But alas, her repentance came too late! Will was hundreds of miles away and between him and Grace's peaceful home cannon were thundering their dread alarm, and war's heroic victims were falling by the tens of thousands.

They found her lying unconscious and apparently lifeless under the maples, with her still, white face all wet with the night-dew, and her poor, cold hands clasping close to her heart Will's short, last letter.

Private Thornley soon won for himself the reputation of being the most desperately-daring man in the army. It was particularly dangerous was to be attempted, Thornley was always sure to off his services.

He never seemed to sleep, and was forever putting himself in the most perilous places; but do what he would, and tempt fate as he might, nothing harmed him.

Three years of bloodshed, turmoil, anxiety and alternate hope and fear passed away—years that had been to Grace one agony of sorrowful regrets and wearisome waiting; for she did wait, and heaven only knows how patiently and prayerfully, some sign from Will that he still cared for her, or at least remembered that she had once been his wife.

She knew that Colonel Thornley was somewhere in Tennessee, but for the rest knew no more than the merest stranger who read his name and an account of his brilliant deeds in the daily papers.

The habited Letho is a stream never

found this side of the grave, search long and far as one may, and those three stirring years, active as was his life and hazardous his march to fame, had by no means brought forgetfulness to Will Thornley's troubled heart.

Grace was so young and impulsive! He should have been more patient, more forbearing, more forgiving. He felt remorseful and self-condemned; but how make the matter up now?

Some such thoughts as these were passing gloomily through his mind, one evening, as he sat alone in his tent, pondering over the subject. What a sad ruin the madness of an hour had made of his life!

True, he had now no small share of fame, and it was not altogether egotism, perhaps, to say it was fairly earned; but happiness he had lost, and wife and home, though the old love still remained, and to-night, somehow, seemed very near.

"A lady to see you, colonel," said a tall Irish orderly, entering the tent, and saluting.

"I can't see anybody to-night, sergeant. Some begging refugee, I suppose. Refer her to Major Clinton," testily replied the colonel.

"But she's not a refugee, or anything of that sort, and says she must see you. She's kinder weakly-looking, and as pale as a ghost, with the travails' and trouble she's had; and, begun' your pardon, colonel, I'd rather go to the guard-house for a week than take your message to her," stoutly urged the honest orderly.

An impatient frown darkened the colonel's brow, for he had grown stern and irritable during the past three years, and was no more the Will Thornley, who had formerly been the merry-hearted schoolboy like a grim, iron-handed old field-marshal.

"Show the lady in, then, and be quick about it," he said, shortly.

The orderly promptly obeyed, and soon reappeared, conducting a lady, who trembled visibly, and seemed half afraid to enter, though she had but a moment before begged the orderly on her knees to procure the interview for her.

The sergeant instantly retired, and with a sharp interrogative, "Well, madam?" Colonel Thornley turned to know the pleasure of his strange visitor.

The light from the single tallow candle, burning on the table, was so dim as to barely admit of readily distinguishing the features of one in the corner where the small, shrinking figure stood as white and nerveless as a statue.

"Well, madam," and this time Colonel Thornley's tones were not quite so sharp, "what is your business with me?"

"Too woman took a step forward, and in a second down at his feet fell the slight, shivering form—a sob, an imploring out-reaching of two thin, trembling hands, and then from the pale lips came the wild, agonized cry:

"Oh, Will, Will! pity me, forgive me, and let me die here at your feet! It is all, I ask!"

"Grace! my wife, my darling! my poor, sad, lonely child, is it indeed you?" He caught her to his heart, and covered her cold, death-white face with kisses. "Forgive you, Grace? Alas, it is I who should crave your forgiveness! Look up, my own dear one. Do not tremble so. You are safe with me, and the past shall be both forgiven and forgotten. It was a hasty act—lastly on your part and on mine; but we are wiser now, and shall know better in the future how to guard against anger and jealousy—the two besetting sins of poor, weak, human nature."

"Mine was the greater fault," she sobbed; "and the love that is without jealousy, let them say what they will, is the only true, believing, lasting love. I know it now; but, oh, Will! the learning of the lesson was bitter, bitter, in deed! And I must see you—must tell you—"

"Not that you have suffered, for I can see that plainly enough—much too plainly. And Miss Woodward is—"

"Married!" Grace turned away her face that he might not see the sudden blush that crimsoned it like a rose. "I—I went to see her. I did really, and she forgave me. Said I was a little goose, and—advised me to go and see you whether you liked it or not. So I came, and now I am here; you don't mind, do you? And we will begin all over again, and be as happy as we were at first."

"Yes; as happy as we were at first, and as I ever hope to be hereafter."

"And you don't care to be a bachelor again, even if I am silly?"

"Yes and no," he answered, smiling. She laid her head contentedly on his breast, and smiled, too, though a little sadly, for she had learned, through bitter experience, that

"Into each life some rain must fall, Some days must be dark and dreary!"

The wretched beggars whose feet were washed every year on Good Friday by the King of Spain are the most unhappy of mortals. They are forced to take six footpaths a day for a week previous, and a whole army of chiro-podists are let loose upon them to extract corns, polish and perfume.

Gold and silver mines are being developed with startling success in the vicinity of Ashland, Wisconsin. They are being worked as secretly as possible, being principally by Chicago parties.

This is Zeb. Vance's description of the bloody-shirt banner, as given in his speech in the Senate on the Kellogg expedition: "A banner not emblazoned with the stars and stripes, or its colors of any other nation, a lion rampant, or a bear couchant, but a shirt dripping, dripping."

more punctual than his wife, and the solitary meal was half over before Mrs. Daisy tripped in, her cashmere shawl trailing over her shoulders, and her dimpled cheeks all pinked with the fresh wind.

"Am I behind time! Really, I am so sorry! But we have been driving in the park, and—"

"We! Who are we?" growled her husband.

"Why, Colonel Adair and I—the Colonel Adair that you go out with so so."

"Now, look here, Daisy!" ejaculated Mr. Ainscourt, rising from the table and pushing back his chair. "Adair isn't exactly the man I want you to drive with!"

"But you go every where with him?"

"I dare say—but you and I are two."

"Now, dear Herbert," interposed Daisy, willfully misunderstanding him, "you know I never was a bit proud, and the associates that are good enough for my husband are good enough for me. Let me give you a few more eys-ter-s."

Ainscourt looked sharply at his wife. Was she really in earnest, or was there a mere mocking undercurrent of satire in her tone? But he could not decide so readily as her countenance.

"I'll talk to her about it sometime," was his internal decision.

"Daisy," he said, carelessly, when dinner was over, "I've asked old Mrs. Barbary to come and spend the day with you to-morrow."

"Oh, have you? I'm sorry, for I am engaged out to-morrow."

"You! Where?"

"Oh, at Delmonico's. I've joined a lady's cook-book across the way. Are you married?"

"No. Want an invitation 'to the wedding, don't you? It will be a long time before you get it. You can keep your plum-pudding recipe, thank you."

"I sh'd think 'twould be some time. Have you chile—Oh, of course, I forgot. This chap is just the pattern of Aunt Prudy's. She's had it more than twenty years. How many are there in the family?"

"If this half-carpet don't suit you, you can get off from it and go about your consoling."

"Well, you're an impudent jade! anyhow. You haven't told me when you were born, or what's your name, or when you expect to get married, and there's ten dollars' fine for not answering census-takers' questions, and if I was you I wouldn't be seen at the door in such a slovenly morning dress, so there."

"Oh, you hateful thing. You can just go away. I'd pay ten dollars just to get rid of you, and smile doing it. It's none of your business nor the census' either. No, it isn't. You can keep your pattern and your plum-pudding and your saucy, incontinent questions to yourself! I—"

"Good morning. I must be getting on. I haven't done but three families: all the forenoon, and an energetic bang of the door just missed catching a foot of her trailing dress skirts."

ELEGANCE OF HOME.—I never saw a garment too fine for a man or maid; there never was a chair too good for a cobbler or a cooper or a king to sit in; never a house too fine to shelter a human head. These elements about us, the glorious sky, the imperial sun, are not too grand for the human race. Elegance is man. But do we not value these tools for house-keeping a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a house for more than we put into it? I had rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume all for myself before I get a home, and take no such pains with the outside that the inside is as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garment, house and furniture are tawdry ornaments compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real hearty love than for a whole ship load of furniture, and all the gorgeousness all the upholsterers in the world can gather.

THE BEST BUSINESS.—The "Political Farmer" relates an instance of a boy from the country, who, having come into possession of a few thousand dollars visited an uncle in the city, an old merchant, to get his advice about investing his capital in business. "Go back to the country, young man," said